

Useful
Hints

Woman and Home

Ethical
Talks

Who Pays?

Story No. 5

Unto Herself Alone
By EDWIN BLISS

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(Continued From Yesterday.)

Wearily he closed down his desk and rose to leave his office. There was a stoop to his shoulders as though some heavy burden rested there; a laggardiness to his gait that, somehow, would have reminded one of the appearance of old John Halstead when he closed his own desk for the last time.

He glanced wearily up and down the narrow, living street as he moved swiftly toward his motor car. It was as though he had tried to identify his terror in the crowd and, not finding it, sought temporary refuge in the machine. Always he was craning his head from side to side with the quick, darting movements of a frightened bird. And, finally, with a weary sigh of relief, he sank back against the cushions of the car, relief lightening his face. His hand groped for the speaking tube, and, after a moment's hesitation, he directed the chauffeur to the Halstead residence.

At the curb he leaped out lightly. His lips moved in an exclamation of relief, and then the haunted expression suddenly lurched across his face, transfiguring it, for a limousine slowly moved toward him, the face at the glass causing him to shrink away afraid. Alice looked at the man, then slowly descended from the car and stood before him. He opened his mouth as though to speak, but the cold, expressionless face of the girl halted him. Motionless she stood. Fixedly she stared—stared as though at an inanimate object, instead of the man she was slowly driving insane with her torture.

He turned quickly away and, with a shrug of the shoulders, moved up the steps, pressing the bell rapidly. His very back indicating his fear of that silent woman on the walk below. The butler deferentially opened the door, his face expressing the perfect mixture of complacency and deference always to be found upon the ideal servant's countenance. Something very like surprise crossed his face as he saw who waited, then he quickly closed the door, almost slammed it in the man's face.

Felix Lynn's shoulders slumped again as he half turned. He dreaded crossing the dead, light in the eyes of the woman who waited below. For months now she had tortured him in this fashion. For months she had appeared always beside him, staring, staring at him from those accusing eyes, and never a word—never a word from those lips that had last hissed at him the epithet: "Thief!" Like a haunted, hunted beast, he looked toward the gardens, then, in some swift impulse, as his eyes caught a glimpse of Esther seated on a bench there, he hurriedly turned in her direction.

She shrank away as she saw who had caused the quick crunch of gravel, but something on the face of the man made her stop. He held out his arms to her, not arms that would embrace, but arms that pleaded for help, a little comfort and, yes, a little protection. Something fluttered within her, something she had thought long since dead. She would have run, but there was that upon Felix Lynn's face which deterred her, glared her feet where she stood.

For a moment she did not speak, could not speak, then all the flood gates were loosened, all the restraint

was shattered and the suffering, torn and lacerated soul of the man stood before her, unabashed at its nakedness, only asking the balm of forgiveness. "No, not even forgiveness, Esther," he pleaded brokenly. "I only wish the chance to try and help. I have sinned, Esther, but not in the way you paid, am paying and shall pay until the memory of that sin is wiped away from all our minds. From our hearts it can never go. I love you—but we will not speak of that. I only ask one word—one little word of comfort. And it will make me strong. I don't wish the strength for myself. I only want it that I may help you. I know you, Esther. I know that the memory of our love cannot be erased from such a soul as yours. I know that I have turned that beautiful thing into a wound that hurts. And I only ask you for the chance to let me help—help in any way I can. Because the helping you would do so much to help me. The vehemence of his passion subsided as he saw his pleading having effect. His voice lowered, and he came a step closer.

"We may not be together, Esther," he said. "We may be very far apart. Once before we were far apart, you remember, and you said to me then that you knew it was hard, but that often times it seemed unfair, but that if we loved one another as we thought we loved, we would fight the hardships shoulder to shoulder. And the contact of the shoulder of the loved one would help so much. Don't you remember that, little girl? Well, I did not fight bravely. I did not fight fairly. I did not fight the man's fight as you fought the woman's. But I tried, Esther, I tried. And now I ask of you, I beg you to fight with me—shoulder to shoulder—your shoulder against my own."

(Continued To-Morrow.)

BLUE TAFFETA COAT

With Modish High Collar



A novelty in silk coats is made of a new ribbed silk, the rib being almost broad enough to look like corduroy and the whole coat being made large and flaring. Taffeta, flannel, corduroy, fleece and hairy wools are being used to make lovely toppers. One of the best looking coats seen is illustrated above. Of blue taffeta, it has the modish high collar, large buttons, and very wide cuffs and belt.

Regulating Your Diet

BY LILLIAN RUSSELL

Circumstances have much to do with regulating the diet, to meet requirements of individuals. But you can always include a variety of fruits and vegetables in your diet. With the opening of the growing season there is great opportunity to select and enjoy appetizing foods which will promote health and beauty.

Tropical fruits—orange, grapefruit and bananas—are among the cheapest food products in the market. They are nourishing and healthful. Berries come in their turn to provide variety and luxury for those who cannot afford the choicest products. Almost every summer week brings the natural season of some product of the kitchen garden. The vegetable kingdom is liberal in its output, and each gift in season is a delicacy to those who cannot afford it when it must be grown under glass.

Eat plenty of fruits and vegetables in their seasons, for that is when they are cheapest, when you will enjoy them most, when they will agree with you best and when you can secure the greatest amount of health and strength from them. You will find that such a diet improves your appearance and makes you feel better.

Remember: When you stick to the menu provided by nature you are not going far wrong in your diet.

Lillian Russell's Answers.
Mildred—Most stains can be taken from the hands with raw tomato juice, lemon juice, or alcohol. A useful solution to remove stains from the nails is one part neutral soap to three parts rosewater. The nails should never be cut unless you want them to become thick. Always file them. To keep them in good condition the nails should be manicured at least once a week and each morning after washing the hands the cuticle should be gently pushed back with the blunt end of an orange-wood stick. Never use a sharp steel instrument for cleaning the nails, as it scratches them and makes the delicate surface under the nails rough and almost impossible to keep clean. The best way to clean the nails is to wind a bit of absorbent cotton around an orange-wood stick, dip it in soapuds, and run under the nails. If you will send me a stamped, addressed envelope I will be glad to send you instructions for the care of the nails.

Mrs. W. R. S.—You can wear one of the closely fitting turbans which are so popular now, and no one will ever know that your hair is short. There are many fascinating little hairdressing tips that you can do for wear at home. They are inexpensive and are of such a variety of styles that you can easily make them out of odds and ends of lace.

Felicia—I am sorry not to be able to help you plan your birthday party, but my department is confined only to the realm of beauty. You can get books on entertainment by calling at the public library.

Jenima—The best thing for you to do is to take your switch to a good hairdresser and have her dye it the shade of your hair. There is nothing you

can do to restore your hair to its natural color. It will be streaked for a while, but it will wear off in time. Let this be a lesson to you, never dye your hair again. Dyes always make the hair coarse and brittle.

Miriam—I not only think, but I know, Miriam, that you can keep the corners of your mouth from drooping by smiling and keeping your mind and heart full of bright, happy thoughts. A feeling of discontent and unhappiness always gives the face an expression of ugliness and age. Few women realize what a wonderful effect mind and temperament have upon their personal appearance, or that one of the factors of keeping young is getting into the habit of looking on the bright side of things.

Dr. Brady's Health Talks
THE SKINNY, NERVOUS WOMAN.

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THE SKINNY, NERVOUS WOMAN.

The long-waisted woman and her floating kidney, some one has called her. The chronic invalid who is never really sick, but always feeling below par. The long, lank, ill-nourished, anemic, married or unmarried old maid. A rag, a bone, a bank of straight, discouraging hair. The poor creature. The bane of the doctor's office.

What ails her, anyhow?
Dr. W. R. Mitchell took a famous view of her case. He called it by a famous name and treated it by a famous method. She had no reserve quired rest, forced feeding. She needed the rest cure.

Other eminent men have taken other views of her. Every one is entitled to a look. These other views have clashed harshly, but nevertheless have often led to results quite as happy as any Mitchell could show.

One view, sort of a profile, shows her a loose woman, physically speaking. She doesn't seem to have a very firm grasp upon her inner self. As already hinted, her kidney is likely to be floating around somewhere far from its ordinary moorings. Her liver is inclined to slide down to the limits of its ligaments. Her stomach feels right there where it belongs. To her—ground was supposed to be the tavern of "The Three Pigeons"—and it was. It was supposed to be the fact that the company was not an organization of subordinates surrounding a star, but a company of actors presenting, together—a play. It is likely that the men who played the servants' bits could play young Markwode of Hastings as would be the case with Mr. Benson's company—certainly the servants' bits were admirably done.

But this should not be taken as disparagement of the principals of the cast; they played admirably, all of them, unless Tony's clownishness and "ad lib" playing were overdone. And even if they were, they had the effect desired—they wholly delighted the big audience. The rest of the performance was beyond caviar—a veritable feast amid a season of dramatic famine.

DOUGLAS GORDON.
Lyric's Mid-Week Change.
Featured on the bill that comes into the Lyric this afternoon is a trope of

Questions and Answers.
The Makings of a Hair-Ball—What causes a child of three years to eat yarn, or almost anything woolly from sweaters, mackinaws and the like? He has too many worms—I know we all have a few. Would yarn and wool cause worms or would the worms cause him to eat such queer things?

Reply—We do not all have worms, only a small and insignificant percentage of us. The worms may be the cause. Better have him treated properly by your doctor. If the habit is not broken a hair-ball will form in the stomach or bowel, and perhaps years later cause serious trouble.

Coddling, Croup, Adenoids—My boy, two and one-half years old, has had a cold all winter and spring, and occasionally a croupy spell. My physician thinks he has adenoids. Have always kept him in the house, as he is quite sensitive to cold air or cold water.

Reply—Here's the logical order. You've coddled the child; result naturally enough, nasal catarrh, adenoids, croup. Give him outdoor air or he will never be better.

Moncure Visits Sea Raider.
Richard C. L. Moncure, collector of internal revenue for the Eastern District, who left the city Monday morning for a visit to the offices of his deputies in Norfolk and Newport News, was at his desk again yesterday evening. While Norfolk Mr. Moncure, through the courtesy of the deputy collector of customs, was taken aboard the interned German cruiser Kronprinz Wilhelm, and shown through that celebrated vessel.

AMUSEMENTS

Fine Old Comedy at Country Club.

To an audience of more than 1,000 members of the Country Club of Virginia the Ben Greet Woodland Players presented last night so charming a performance of Oliver Goldsmith's wonderful old comedy, "She Stoops to Conquer," that the unreasonable chilliness of the night was forgot, and the delighted crowd sat in the open air and grew warm again in its own enjoyment.

For a stage there was a grassy bit of flat ground near the edge of the woods; for wings and flats and backdrops and all the other paraphernalia of the indoor theater there was a green hedge, or screen, of trees and branches intertwined; for footlights there were ordinary bulbs, but hidden behind a strip of leaves that covered every ray except those that shone upon the stage, and for an auditorium there was the natural amphitheater of the sloping lawn.

There were Oliver Goldsmith's quaint humor and his broad buffoonery, too—for "She Stoops to Conquer" is frequently modern farce—and, beyond and above all, there was company of ray-actors to make its unrealities real, its impossibilities possible. Composed almost entirely of English men and women, some of them trained by that master of all actor-makers, F. R. Benson, of the Stratford-upon-Avon Players—every word, spoken by men and women who know the value of vowels and consonants alike, sounded clear and distinct, away beyond the semicircle formed by the audience.

Nor were they bolstered or helped in their efforts by elaborate lighting and scenic effects. The costumes were accurate enough, but of scenery, all properties there was nothing. There was not the slightest change of setting, except for the inconspicuous moving of a table, a chair or a couch; not an evidence of a "light plot," except when the big flood lights were dimmed to indicate the darkness of the garden near Squire Hardcastle's house. Every scene was played without interruption, and amid the same surroundings.

Here, indeed, was a triumph of the creation of atmosphere by the art of acting. The green-circled plot of ground was supposed to be the great hall of the Hardcastle's house—and it was. It was supposed to be the tavern of "The Three Pigeons"—and it was. It was supposed to be the fact that the company was not an organization of subordinates surrounding a star, but a company of actors presenting, together—a play. It is likely that the men who played the servants' bits could play young Markwode of Hastings as would be the case with Mr. Benson's company—certainly the servants' bits were admirably done.

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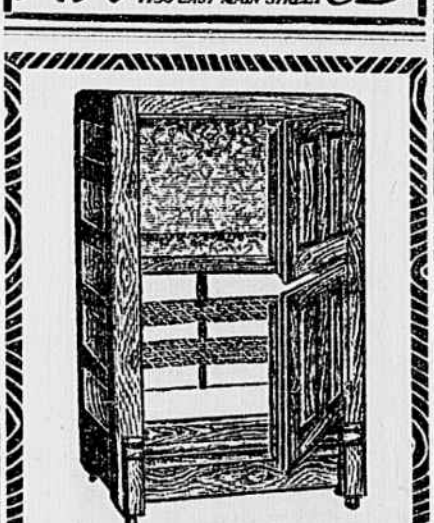
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seven people, programmed as Mme. Dore's Beaux and Belles, presenting a musical offering interspersed with dances. The Three Adnards, billed for the first part of the week, will also appear in this show in their typical variety act, entitled "Two Kings of Shopping." Others on the bill are: the Monarch Comedy Four, singers, dancers and comedians; the Bounding Pattersons, whose show name indicates the nature of their act; and Frank Mathey, who modestly calls himself "King of the Banjo."

"The Woman" at the Strand.

For the rest of the week, beginning to-day, the attraction at the Strand will be the Belasco-Lasky photodramatization of William C. de Mille's famous play, "The Woman," as interpreted by an all-star cast, including Theodore Roberts, Mabel Van Buren, Lois Meredith and James Neill. Apart from its general fame, the play will be remembered in Richmond by reason of the fine performance given at the Academy of Music season before the last by one of Belasco's companies. The story revolves about the conflict waged between a past and a present, and a young reformer. This situation is not new, but the elements of strength and surprise are injected by a scandal touching the reformer, which is unearthened by the events of the past. It is the identity of the woman in the case that forms the most dramatic complication in the play. There is every reason to expect in "The Woman" an extraordinary photoplay that indeed picture critics have denominated it.

Nance O'Neil at Colonial.

Rarely has a finer exhibition of the art of acting been seen on any stage or screen than that offered by the literally wonderful Nance O'Neil in the photoplay called "The Kreutzer Sonata," the management of the Colonial for yesterday and to-day. Even the exquisite modulations of her golden voice are scarcely missed in the effectiveness of her amazing pantomime art. She is the most poignant figure of tragedy that a picture has ever depicted, and so deep and vital a thing is her art that, when the emotion of anger is displayed by her, the blazing fire that consumes her seems to leap out from the screen. She is surrounded

by a company of exceptional merit, too, for Theda Bara, William Shay and Henry Bergman are only three of the very real artists who assist her in presenting the play. As for that—the play—it is filled with intrigue, hate, jealousy, suicide and murder, all of which combine to form a shilling shocker, and it is no more Tolstoy's "The Kreutzer Sonata" than it is "Anna Karenina" or any one of a hundred novels whose characters bear Russian names. Still, it is a splendid business title for the picture, and the whole thing is superbly acted. For to-morrow and Saturday the Colonial announces the first of the "Big Four" features, in George Ade's "The College Widow," with George Soule Spencer and Ethel Clayton in the leading roles.

Special Sleeper For Governor.
Governor Stuart and his staff will travel on a special sleeper provided for them by the Norfolk and Western to Lynchburg, on the occasion of the unveiling of the statue of the late United States Senator John W. Daniel. The unveiling ceremonies take place May 26. The Governor's party will leave Richmond the evening of May 25.

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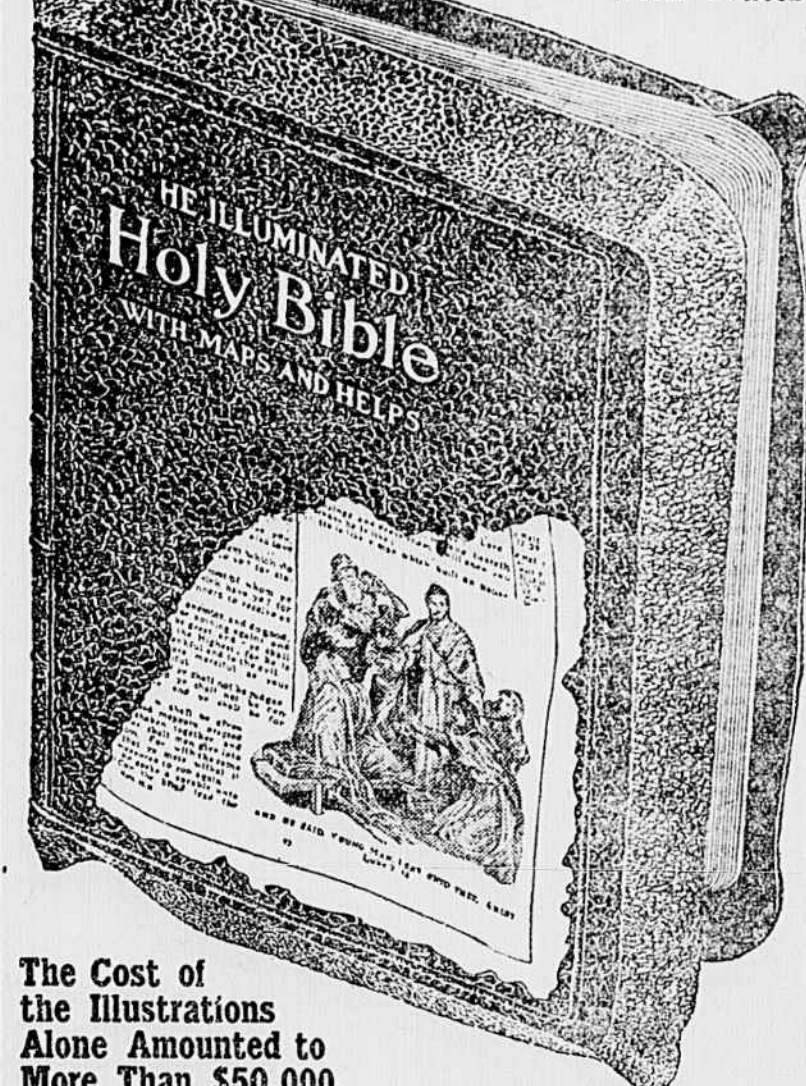
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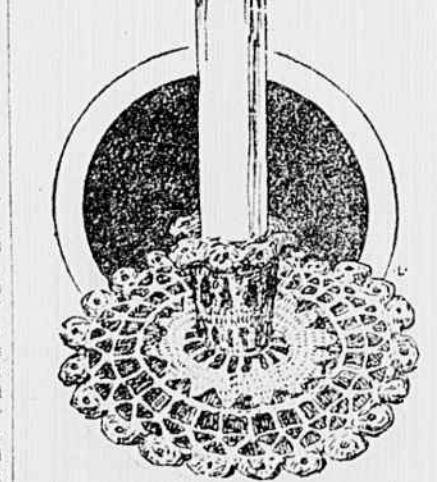
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